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An Account of the Sufferings of Lieut. GEORGE SPEARING, who lived seven Nights in a COAL-PIT without any Sustenance except some Rain-water.

Concluded from page 247.

AT the bottom of the pit there were great quantities of reptiles; such as frogs, toads, large black snails, &c. These noxious creatures would frequently crawl about me, and often got into my reservoir; nevertheless, I thought it the sweetest water I had ever tasted; and at this distance of time the remembrance of it is so sweet, that, were it now possible to obtain any of it I am sure I could swallow it with avidity. I have frequently taken both frogs and toads out of my neck, where, I suppose, they took shelter while I slept. The toads I always destroyed, but the frogs I carefully preserved, as I did not know but I might be under the necessity of eating them, which I should not have scrupled to have done had I been very hungry.

Saturday, the 16th, there fell but little rain, and I had the satisfaction to hear the voice of some boys in the wood. Immediately I called out with all my might, but it was all in vain, though I afterwards learned that they actually heard me; but, being prepossessed with an idle story of a wild man being in the wood, they ran away affrighted.

VOL. I.

K k

Sunday

Sunday the 17th, was my birth-day, when I compleated my forty-fifth year; and I think it was the next day that some of my acquaintance, having accidentally heard that I had gone the way I did, sent two or three persons out purposely to search the pit for me. These men went to the miller's house and made enquiry for me; but on account of the rain at the time, they never entered the wood, but cruelly returned to their employers, telling them they had searched the pit, and that I was not to be found. Many people in my dismal situation would, no doubt, have died with despair; but I thank God I enjoyed a peaceful serenity of mind; so much so, that on the Thursday afternoon, and when I had been six nights in the pit, I very composedly (by way of amusement) combed my wig on my knee, humming a tune and thinking of the Archer in the "Beaux Stratagem."

At length, the morning, Sept. 20, the happy morning for my deliverance came; a day that, while my memory lasts I will always celebrate with gratitude to Heaven. Through the brambles and bushes that covered the mouth of the pit, I could discover the sun shine brightly, and my pretty warbler was chaunting his melodious strains, when my attention was roused by a confused noise of human voices, which seemed to be approaching fast towards the pit; immediately I called out, and most agreeably surprized several of my acquaintance, who were in search of me. Many of them are still living in Glasgow; and it is not long since I had the very great satisfaction of entertaining one of them at my apartments. They told me that they had not the most distant hope of finding me alive; but wished to give my body a decent burial, should they be so fortunate as to find it. As soon as they heard my voice, they all ran towards the pit, and I could distinguish a well known voice exclaiming, "Good God! he is still living!" Another of them, though a very honest North-Briton, betwixt his surprize and joy, could not help asking me, in the Hibernian style, if I were still living? I told him "I was, and hearty too;" and then gave them particular dis-

rections how to proceed in getting me out. Fortunately at that juncture a collier, from a working pit in the neighbourhood, was passing along the road, and hearing an unusual noise in the wood, his curiosity prompted him to learn the occasion. By his assistance and a rope from the mill, I was soon safely landed on *terra firma*. The miller's wife had very kindly brought some milk warm from the cow; but on my coming into the fresh air, I grew faint, and could not taste it. Need I be ashamed to acknowledge, that the first dictates of my heart prompted me to fall upon my knees, and ejaculate a silent thanksgiving to the God of my deliverance; since at this distant time, I never think of it but the tear of gratitude starts from my eye?

Every morning while I was in the pit I tied a knot in the corner of my handkerchief, supposing that, if I died there, and my body should be afterwards found, the number of knots would certify how many days I had lived. Almost the first question my friends asked me was, how long I had been in the pit? Immediately I drew my handkerchief from my pocket, and bade them count the knots. They found seven, the exact number of nights I had been there. We now hastened out of the wood. I could walk without support; but that was not allowed, each person present striving to shew how they were rejoiced that they had found me alive and so well. They led me to the miller's house, where a great number of people were collected to see me. A gentleman who had a country house just by, very kindly, at my request, sent for a glass of white wine. I ordered a piece of bread to be toasted, which I soaked in the wine and ate. I now desired the miller's wife to make up a bed, fondly thinking that nothing more was wanting than a little refreshing sleep to terminate my misfortunes. But, alas! I was still to undergo greater sufferings than I had yet endured. By the almost continual rains, together with the cold damp arising from the wet ground on which I lay, and not being able to take the least exercise

to keep up a proper circulation of the blood, my legs were much swelled and benumbed. Some of my friends observing this, proposed to send to Glasgow for medical advice. I at first declined it, and happy had it been for me if I had pursued my own inclinations; but unfortunately for me, a physician and surgeon were employed, both of them ignorant of what ought to have been done. Instead of ordering my legs into cold water, or rubbing them with a coarse towel, to bring on a gradual circulation, they applied hot bricks and large poultices to my feet. This, by expanding the blood-vessels too suddenly, put me to much greater torture than I ever endured in my life, and not only prevented my enjoying that refreshing sleep which I so much wanted, but actually produced a mortification in both my feet. I do not mean, by relating this circumstance, to reflect on the faculty in Glasgow; for, I was afterwards attended by gentlemen who are an honour to the profession. The same method was pursued for several days, without ever giving me the bark till I mentioned it myself. This happily stopped the progress of the mortification, which the doctors did not know had taken place till the miller's wife shewed them a black spot about as broad as a shilling, at the bottom of my left heel. In a day or two more the whole skin, together with all the nails of my left foot, and three from my right foot, came off like the finger of a glove.

Opposite the river on which the mill stood there was a bleach-field. It is customary for the watchman in the night to blow a horn to frighten thieves. This I frequently heard when I was in the pit; and very often when I was in a sound sleep at the miller's, I have been awaked by it in the greatest horrors, still thinking myself in the pit: so that, in fact, I suffered as much by imagination as from reality.

I continued six weeks at the miller's when the roads became too bad for the doctors to visit me, so that I was under the necessity

necessity of being carried in a sedan chair to my lodgings in Glasgow. By this time my right foot was quite well, but in my left foot, where the above-mentioned black spot appeared, there was a large wound, and it too plainly proved that the *os calcis* was nearly all decayed; for, the surgeon could put his probe through the centre of it. The flesh too at the bottom of my foot was quite separated from the bones and tendons, so that I was forced to submit to have it cut off. In this painful state I lay several months, reduced to a mere skeleton, taking thirty drops of laudanum every night; and, though it some-what eased the pain in my foot, it was generally three or four in the morning before I got any rest. My situation now became truly alarming; I had a consultation of surgeons, who advised me to wait with patience for an exfoliation, when they had not the least doubt but they should soon cure my foot. At the same time they frankly acknowledged that it was impossible to ascertain the precise time when that would happen, as it might be six, or even twelve months, before it came to pass. In my emaciated condition I was certain that it was not possible for me to hold out half the time; and, knowing that I must be a very great cripple with the loss of my heel-bone, I came to a determined resolution to have my leg taken off, and appointed the very next day for the operation; but no surgeon came near me. I sincerely believe they wished to perform a cure; but being as I thought the best judge of my own feelings, I was resolved this time to be guided by my own opinion; accordingly, on the second of May, 1770, my leg was taken off a little below the knee. Yet notwithstanding I had so long endured the rod of affliction, misfortunes still followed me. About three hours after the amputation had been performed, and when I was quiet in bed, I found myself nearly fainting with the loss of blood; the ligatures had all given way, and the arteries had bled a considerable time before it was discovered. By this time the wound was inflamed; nevertheless, I was under the necessity of once more submitting to the operation of the needle, and

and the principal artery was sewed up four different times before the blood was stopped. I suffered much for two or three days, not daring to take a wink of sleep; for, the moment I shut my eyes, my stump (though constantly held by the nerve) would take such convulsive motions, that I really think a stab to the heart could not be attended with greater pain. My blood too was become so very poor and thin, that it absolutely drained through the wound near a fortnight after my leg was cut off. I lay for eighteen days and nights in one position, not daring to move, lest the ligature should again give way; but I could endure it no longer, and ventured to turn myself in bed contrary to the advice of my surgeon, which I happily effected and never felt greater pleasure in my life. Six weeks after the amputation, I went out in a sedan chair for the benefit of the air, being exactly nine months from the day I fell into the pit. Soon after I took lodgings in the country; where, getting plenty of warm new milk, my appetite and strength increased daily; and to this day I bless God, I do enjoy perfect health; and I have since been the happy father of nine children.

GEORGE SPEARING.

Greenwich Hospital, Aug. 1, 1793.

P. S. The above narrative is a plain matter of facts, and affords a useful lesson to mankind, viz. never to give way to despondency be their situation ever so deplorable: Let them confidently rely on Almighty Providence, and I sincerely wish, and doubt not, but their misfortunes will terminate as happily as mine.

G. S.

THE PRUDENT JUDGE.

A Merchant who, on account of business, was obliged to visit foreign countries, entrusted to a dervise, whom he considered as his friend, a purse containing a thousand sequins
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and begged him to keep it until he should return. At the end of the year the merchant returned, and asked for his money; but the deceitful dervise affirmed that he had never received any. The merchant fired with indignation at this perfidious behaviour, applied to the Cadi. "You have had more honesty than prudence, said the Judge; you ought not to have placed so much confidence in a man of whose fidelity you was not sufficiently assured. It will be difficult to compel this cheat to restore a deposit which he received when no witnesses were present. Go to him again added he, address him in a friendly manner, without informing him that I am acquainted with the affair, and return to me to-morrow at the same hour."

The merchant obeyed, but instead of getting his money, he received only abuse. While the debtor and creditor were disputing a slave arrived from the Cadi, who invited the dervise to pay a visit to his master. The dervise accepted the invitation. He was introduced into a grand apartment, received with friendship, and treated with the same respect as if he had been a man of the most distinguished rank. The Cadi discoursed with him upon different subjects; among which he occasionally introduced, as an opportunity presented, the highest encomiums on the wisdom and knowledge of the dervise. When he thought he had gained his confidence by praises and flattery, he informed that he had sent for him in order to give him the most convincing proof of his respect and esteem. "An affair of the greatest importance, says he, obliges me to be absent for a few months; I cannot trust my slaves, and I am desirous of putting my treasures into the hands of a man who, like you, enjoys the most unspotted reputation. If you can take charge of them, without impeding your own occupations I shall send you to-morrow night my most valuable effects; but as this affair requires great secrecy, I shall order the faithfullest of my slaves to deliver them to you, as a present which I make you."

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On these words an agreeable smile was diffused over the countenance of this treacherous dervise; he made a thousand reverences to the Cadi, thanked him for the confidence which he reposed in him, swore in the strongest terms that he would preserve his treasures as the apple of his eye; and retired, hugging himself with joy at the thoughts of being able to overreach the Judge.

Next morning the merchant returned to the Cadi, and informed him of the obstinacy of the dervise. "Go back, said the Judge, and if he persist in his refusal, threaten that you will complain to me. I think you will not have occasion to repeat your menace."

The merchant immediately hastened to the house of his debtor, and no sooner had he mentioned the name of the Cadi, than the dervise, who was afraid of losing the treasure that was about to be entrusted to his care, restored the purse, and said, smiling, "My dear friend, why should you trouble the Cadi? Your money was perfectly secure in my hands; my refusal was only a piece of pleasantry. I was desirous of seeing how you would bear disappointment." The merchant, however, was prudent enough not to believe what he had heard, and returned to the Cadi, to thank him for the generous assistance which he had given him.

Night approached, and the dervise prepared to receive the expected treasure; but the night passed, and no slaves appeared. As soon as it was morning the dervise repaired to the Judge's house. "I am come to know, Mr. Cadi, said he, why you have not sent your slaves, according to promise?"

"Because I have learned from a merchant, said the Judge, that thou art a perfidious wretch, whom justice will punish as thou deservest if a second complaint of the same nature is brought against thee."—The dervise, struck with this reproof
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made a profound reverence, and retired with precipitation without offering a single word in his own vindication.

A Narrative of the inhuman Treatment of Captain RICHARD CHASE in the EAST INDIES, in a Letter to his Mother.

Continued from page 254.

AT six o'clock I reached Hyder's camp, and was placed before this tyrant, who was seated on a throne, and not the least moved with compassion for those miserable objects which were brought before him. He ordered me to be put among my fellow prisoners, most of whom I found much more wounded than myself, groaning under the most severe pain, and no assistance to be got, except a piece of coarse cloth to bind up our wounds. In this state I threw myself prostrate upon the earth, and sweet sleep, the balm of human woes, took me to her arms, where I remained until daylight the eleventh. Thus ended the fatal 10th of September 1780, a day, most honoured madam, that involved thousands in misery, and left the poor inhabitants a prey to a hungry wolf, who came to devour them.

The English army being routed, Eastern fortifications could not long withstand his force, where mothers had flown with infants, for protection, and where the industrious labourer had gathered in his little all, in hopes of saving it; but alas! all, all fell into the hands of this cruel tyrant. On the 11th of September, about noon the French Officers in Hyder's camp got leave to come down and visit us; and I must do them the justice to say, poured in as generous a relief as their present circumstances would admit of; except Monsieur Lally, who, I could not find (although a man of great power

with Hyder) had done a single thing towards the relief of the prisoners in general. It is a lasting reproach upon his memory. But to proceed with my story.--- My knowledge of the French language was of the utmost consequence to me. I addressed myself to Monsieur Pomuraine, (whose memory I shall for ever bless, he being alas! no more) to advance me fifty pagodas, and to receive that sum from my Attorney at Madras. This he immediately did, and this enabled me to change my filthy linen, and to purchase a few articles, which in my melancholy situation I stood so much in need of.

I remained in Hyder's camp until the 14th, during which time, I picked up a servant, a most useful thing to me, as I was disabled in both hands, and could not assist myself. I was told a separation must soon take place; those badly wounded must be sent to Arnee, the rest to Bandelore, situated two hundred miles up the country. Arnee is the place I now command: what a reverse of fortune! My wounds appearing rather bad, and my desire of staying near Madras, if possible, succeeded; and I with the rest were conveyed to this place in the most inhuman vehicles ever seen, being only three feet in length, and one foot and a half high, placed upon the shoulders of men of a mountainous race, which subjected me to every inconvenience such a shocking machine could afford.

On the 17th. we entered the gates of this garrison; but I forgot to tell you, on the first day's march I missed my servant, which I sensibly felt, having given him some money, and what few things I had bought; and as I said before, being wounded in both arms, I could not assist myself. However, I got a little cold rice to satisfy nature, and on the 15th my servant returned, stripped of every article I had given him. But as a servant was to me of the utmost value I made myself contented with his returning, as I had a little more
money

money left out of my dear fifty pagodas. On the 17th, I reached Arnee, and with twenty-eight other Officers was put into a dungeon, where I now keep my sheep in. Sorry am I to say, in this place several of my fellow-sufferers died; but God be praised, my wounds healed daily, and I continued in good health. When my wounds were quite healed, I wrote to Madras, begging my friends there to write and inform you that I was alive and well, knowing how much you would be distressed at my melancholy catastrophe. Heaven knows whether you ever received such an account.

On the first of November, I was selected out, with four other Officers to be sent to Seringnapatam, a garrison one hundred miles beyond Bandelore, and of course three hundred up the enemy's country. I was mounted on a Tattoo horse, very little better than an ass, and surrounded with a numerous guard; and had to go a journey of fifteen days, in the sultry heat of the sun. They gave us a coarse kind of grain to eat, such as they feed their elephants with, and said it was quite good enough for Europeans. I well knew if we eat it, the consequences would prove fatal. I remonstrated with our keeper; but the answer was, "Why, the more of ye that die, the better I shall please my master, Hyder Ali." However, by a bribe to the head man, out of my dear fifty pagoda's, I got a little rice; and at the end of three days we entered into the Passes, which lead to the enemy's country. Here, O my dear mother, I gazed on the hills of the Carnatic, with a heart ready to burst with anxiety and pain, thinking I was bidding farewell to you, and to them forever.

On the 15th we reached Seringnapatam, and were put into a pretty good prison for this country; and had a golden fanam a day given us, in value about eightpence; which would just keep life and soul together.

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On the 19th of January 1781, Hyder's people came into the prison, and made us all offers of great employments in the army, with high rank, if we would accept of it; but on our telling them, we had jointly agreed that death would be more preferable, they left us in very ill humour, at our refusing what they thought such great and advantageous offers.

Nothing material happened, except being daily tormented with an account of their daily successes against the English army, until the 8th of April 1781, when Colonel Baillie, and several other officers of rank, were brought into our prison with heavy irons on their feet. This incident alarmed me very much, judging, if the fountain head was so ill treated, what would become of the Subalterns. And on the 10th of May (being my birth-day) myself and my brother Officers were put into irons, and thus fettered like the most atrocious villains, we remained until our release.

To be Concluded in our next.

THE WELCH INDIANS.

No. IV.

[Continued from page 245.]

MUCH has been said for some time past with respect to the existence of the above tribe of Indians, inhabiting a tract of country bordering on the Missouri, in the province of Louisiana, or New France, in North America, who are supposed to be descendants of a part of the Welch nation, who left Wales with Madoc, Prince of that country, in the year 1170, which is a period of 322 years prior to the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus. It is a pleasing satisfaction

satisfaction to the contemplating mind of the curious, to ascertain a proof of interesting circumstances, which has hitherto resisted the investigation of ages. The society of Gwinedigion, held at the George, in George-yard, Lombard street, have had the matter in contemplation for a length of time; and however desirous their inducement might be to bring the matter to a crisis, nothing effectually has been hitherto done. In accomplishing an undertaking where there is some risk, two objects will naturally arise, which will require much deliberation: The first, to adopt a well-digested system; 2dly, to find ways and means to carry that system into effect. It appears to me highly worthy of being remarked, that should an attempt ever be made to investigate this interesting period of history, with regard to the first discovery of America by Europeans, the sending persons properly qualified to those tribes called the Welch or White Indians, would be attended with very little expence, and still less danger.

As every information touching what I have before said, I am well assured, will be pleasing to the curious enquirer, I beg leave to give verbatim the copy of a letter I received from a gentleman who has lived at New Orleans, and on the banks of the Mississippi upwards of twenty years, and who is now in London:

DEAR SIR,

Cheapside, Jan. 28, 1792.

I now return you the pamphlet written by Dr. Williams, on the subject of the Padoucas, or Welch Indians.

If Mr. Jones did in 1660, find a tribe of Indians in the neighbourhood of Carolina, who spoke the Welch language, it is very certain that for these many years past no vestige of it remains among the tribes inhabiting that country, or its neighbourhood.

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On the other hand, it is well known that, within these fifty years past, a number of tribes have, from war and intemperance, become extinct, and that others (as encroached on by the white people) have removed westward; I myself having known within these twenty years several small tribes of the ancient Indians to have removed to the western side of the Mississippi; among those, and in the neighbourhood of the Spanish settlements, there yet remains the remnant of a once powerful nation, called the Mobilians, reduced at present to about twenty families. Their language, with respect to the dialects of the Creek, Chactaws, and Chickesaws (the most powerful tribes now inhabiting the back of Georgia, the Carolinas, and Virginia,) would appear a mother tongue; for they can understand and converse with all those tribes in their different dialects, but yet speak a language which no other tribes understand. This has been frequently observed by those French who have acquired the Mobilian language. That the natives of America have, for many years past, emigrated from the east to the west is a known fact. That the tribes, mentioned by Mr. Jones, who spoke the Welch tongue, may have done so, is much within the order of probability; and that a people, called the Welch or White Indians, now reside at or near the banks of the Missouri, I have not the least doubt of, having so often been assured of it by people who have traded in that river, and who could have no possible inducement to relate such a story, unless it had been founded in fact.

Since writing the above, a merchant from the Illinois country, and a person of reputation, is arrived in London. He assures me there is not the smallest doubt of a people existing on the west side of the Mississippi, called by the French the White bearded Indians, none of the natives of America wearing beards; that these people are really white; that they are said to consist of thirty-two villages or towns; are exceedingly civilized, and vastly attached to certain religious ceremonies;

ceremonies; that a Mr. Ch. a merchant of reputation at the Illinois, has been to their country, which is, as he supposes, upwards of a thousand miles from the Illinois.

Having been prevented from calling on you as I intended, I now return you the pamphlet, and will, at any time you please, procure you a meeting with that gentleman.

Your's, &c.

J. J.

I have the satisfaction to add, that I have met the above gentleman several times; that he confirms the latter part of this narrative; that Mr. Ch. is a near relation of his; that when Mr. Ch. was introduced to the Chief of the Padouca nation, he was received with much solemnity, owing to his being of white complexion, and by which circumstance, as far as Mr. Ch. could understand by being amongst them, he was deemed an angel of God, his hands and feet being washed by order of the Chieftain, who appeared much advancing in years his hair being long and perfectly white; that the people chiefly subsist by the produce of the chase; that the instruments they use on the occasion are generally bows and arrows; that the further he advanced from the frontiers, the different tribes he passed through were the most civilized; that he supposed the reason to be (which I am afraid is the case) owing to the continual encroachment made on their land by the white people in those parts contiguous to them.

The last transactions on the back frontiers of the United States of America, it is probable, are owing to the same circumstance. It may be necessary to remark, that the distance from the mouth of the Mississippi to the entrance of the Missouri into it is about 1200 miles; that the navigation of the Mississippi upwards is tedious and difficult, owing to the current continually running the same way, by which means the vessels

vessels employed on the occasion seldom make the voyage in less than three months, a light boat, well manned, however, might go from New Orleans to the Missouri in six weeks, whereas, on their return, the same distance is made in a few days; that the country bordering on those rivers is extremely fertile; that in very severe winters they are subject to frost, which is generally but of short duration; that every article for the use of man grows almost spontaneously; that large numbers of buffaloes are taken; the hides and tallow of those animals, as well as deer skins, beaver, &c. are carried down the Mississippi to New Orleans, from whence they are exported to different parts of Europe; that all sorts of timber and naval stores are to be had in abundance; that during the late war, had the Ministers or the public servants of the crown of the country, had its real interest at heart, they would in preference of the business of St. Eustatia have taken possession of New Orleans the key of the Mississippi, and by that means have opened the navigation of that river, which, in the hands of the Mercantile genius of the British nation, would be opening a mine of wealth which would have filled the channels of commerce of this country. It would have also tended to another grand object—it would have afforded an asylum for those who made choice of the barren rocks of Nova Scotia, where they found it difficult to raise a common sized cabbage, where it is deemed a wonder to see a field of twelve acres abound with grass six inches long. In this it will be a pleasure to me to be controverted.

GRIFFITH WILLIAMS.

To be continued.

YOUTH and OLD AGE Contrasted.

YOUNG men desire passionately, and therefore are afflictively disappointed. They desire chiefly gratifications of *sense*, and therefore soon impair their appetites for them, and anticipate old age by infirmities.

They are extremely mutable in their inclinations, and therefore as some things by nature cannot, others, through their own temper, shall not please them long.

They are fastidious in their pleasures, as thinking the most delicate and exalted; the prerogative of their time of life: thus they reject many, and impair the rest.

They are prone to anger, because unsubdued by fortune, and unapprized by wisdom of what they ought to expect: hence are they displeased with others without cause, and then with themselves, for being so; for generally their sense of being in the wrong, is as quick, as their propensity to it is strong.

They have not a sufficient regard to things of utility, (because they never wanted,) and find the bad effects of it; what pride can better taste, pleases them more: hence they are very tender of their honor, before they have gained any; and thus are they pained, not only about things that are, but things also, that are not.

They are credulous, because unexperienced; deceived, because credulous; and outrageous, because deceived: and hence, from too fond an opinion, they are apt to conceive too inveterate a dislike for mankind; as fruitful a source of evil, as their first mistake.

The young man's field of reflection is small, for little is past; his field of hope large, for much is to come; which falling in with vivacity of spirits, and vanity of heart, he in-

dulges it to the exclusion of necessary fear, which is the shield of life; and hence he is perpetually wounded in his peace, fortune, reputation, or health, or all.

He delights in extremes, whereas virtue is in the mean, and happiness dwells with her. He is a squanderer of wealth, as well as of health, peace and reputation; and by the guilt of youth, lays up poverty for age; of which I am now to speak.

Age is infested with suspicion, excess of caution, disaffection, pusillanimity, illiberality, querulousness, immodesty, garrulity, want of compassion, solid hatred, moroseness, inordinate self-love, extreme covetousness, and distempers.

An old man is suspicious because incredulous, and incredulous because experienced. For the knowledge and distrust of mankind are inseparable. Now he that lives in perpetual suspicion lives the life of a centinel, of a centinel never relieved; whose business it is to look out for, and expect an enemy, which is an evil not very far short of perishing by him.

Allied to suspicion is excess of caution: wisdom, coldness of temperature, and sometimes ill-nature, are mixed in this. I shall chuse one instance that includes them all: in points of speculation he rarely affirms, or denies any thing positively, though he is best able to know it: he knows nothing, but is of such an opinion on most occasions; by which one thing he means, is to call younger men fools, (who delight in a more sanguine stile) and thus artfully, to gratify his disaffection to them.

He is pusillanimous, from decay, of spirits, and the blows of fortune. Now pusillanimity is the want of hope, and hope is the cordial of life.

He is illiberal, as knowing how hard it is to gain, and how easy to lose; as likewise, from a growing passion for the security

security of to-morrow ; whereas to-day is the mistress of youth. Now illiberality is the source of hatred, as generosity is of love.

He is immodest, I mean hardened to the eye, and unaffected with the opinion of others, because he disesteems those from whom they come. Now this immodesty is a source both of hatred, and contempt. Besides virtue is always enfeebled by a neglect of praise, which is a food of it.

He is talkative because his largest scene lies backward ; and his talk on the past, is always a censure on the present : now he that censures is displeased, Besides, this talkativeness is disgusting on two accounts : first, as he is generally his own theme ; secondly as it runs counter to the fire, and activity of younger men, to whom he speaks.

He is morose, and an inordinate lover of himself. The first, because he envies pleasures which he cannot partake. There is no such thing, at least, in our climate, as a gay old man ; a fly in *winter* is for nations nearer the sun. He is the second, because men rise in fondness for things, in proportion to their hazard of losing them ; and his life is on the departure. Hence absurdly his passion for it increases, as its value fails. Now from all that has been said,

His extreme covetousness is accounted for. Money has two excellent qualities for him : first it will do that for him, which no one will, willingly, do : it will keep him company, as it always does ; it will flatter him ; it will go on his errands ; it will procure him smiles, and bows, and all the outside of affection, and respect. Secondly, as it is a thing inanimate, it can give no offence. But not to aggravate this matter, (which it little needs !) granting, that as youth is the reign of vehement desire, is a disease, a fever, a pain ; so age, indeed, brings on a serenity ; experience makes us able pilots in the waves of fortune, and vigour impaired no longer

ger scorches us with the violence of desire; granting, that the mind gains that strength which the body loses, and intellectual pleasures are then in their full force; yet so, it must be confessed, are,

Distempers too; and what comfort is there in an hospital, or a storm? in youth what disappointments of our own making? in age what disappointments from the nature of things? it is long before we arrive at a right conduct, and by that at a true relish, and good husbandry of life, and when we are arrived at it, as much as wisdom gives, time withdraws, objects begin to flatten, and appetites to fail. Human life has then its morning and evening: but the evening and morning are one day; a day of sorrows! different indeed in sort, but in essence the same. And this is the reason why men always unhappy, are always expecting happiness. For had we no change of scenes to experience one after another, we should sooner be convinced of the vanity of our expectations; whereas we, now, are amused with hope, which, for pleasure, gives us change of pain, we are wretched and deceived, which increases our wretchedness; for every sorrow receives a new sting, from our expectation of the contrary.

A LIBERTINE SUDDENLY RECLAIMED.

ZENOCRATES of *Chalcedon* was one day giving a lecture on philosophy at *Athens*. In the middle of his dissertation, a youth of quality, named *Polemon*, just come from a debauch, (high flown with insolence and wine) wearing a chaplet of flowers on his head, as the custom then was on festival occasions, entered. No sooner had the eye of *Zenocrates* caught him, than he immediately turned his discourse; and reasoned with such dignity, propriety, and force; that the young nobleman began to look serious, and seriousness settled into a fixed attention.

As

As the philosopher proceeded, *Poleman* felt the risings of remorse, and before the discourse was concluded, he was struck with shame, remorse, and horror. Conscious of his past conduct, he slid the chaplet from his head, muffled his face in his robe, resolved on a change of manners, and actually became from that day forward a pattern of wisdom and virtue. In process of time, he even rose into a philosopher of no mean distinction; and lastly, succeeded *Zenocrates* in the care of his pupils.

If the remonstrances of a heathen moralist had such an effect on the heart and life of a professed Libertine: how much more should the gospel of God our Saviour influence us to deny all ungodliness, and live a life devoted to God?

ANECDOTE found in an ARABIC Manuscript.

IN the time of the Caliphs, when *Abdab* the shedder of blood had murdered every descendant of *Omniah* within his reach; one of that family named *Ibrahim*, son of *Soliman*, fled to *Kaufa*, where he entered in disguise: knowing no person in whom he could confide, he sat down under the portico of a large house. Soon after the master arriving, followed by several servants, alighted from his horse; entered, and seeing the stranger, asked him who he was? I am an unfortunate man, replies *Ibrahim*, and request from thee an asylum. God protect thee, said the rich man, enter, and remain in peace. *Ibrahim* lived several months in this house, without being questioned by his host; but astonished to see him every day go out on horseback and return at the same hour; he ventured one day to ask him the reason. I have been informed, said the rich man, that a person named *Ibrahim*, the son of *Soliman*, is concealed in this town; he has slain my father, and I am searching for him to retaliate. "Then I knew (said *Ibrahim*) that God had purposely conducted me to that place

place ; I adored his decree ; and resigning myself to death, I answered : God has determined to avenge thee ; behold thy victim at thy feet, offended man !" The rich man, astonished, replied, O stranger, I see thy misfortunes have made thee weary of life ; thou seekest to lose it, but my hand cannot commit such a crime. " I do not deceive thee said *Ibrahim* ; thy father was such a one, we met each other in such a place, and the affair happened in such a manner.

A violent trembling then seized this rich man : his teeth chattered as if from intense cold : his eyes alternately sparkled with fury, and overflowed with tears. In this agitation he remained for a long time : at length turning to *Ibrahim*, he said, To-morrow destiny will join thee to my father, and God will have retaliated." But for me, how can I violate the asylum of my house ? Wretched *Ibrahim*, fly from my presence ! There, take these hundred Sequins, begone quickly, and never let me behold the more.

Extracts from BARTRAM'S Travels.

INTELLIGENT readers, who attend to the following extraordinary narrative, will naturally enquire into the degree of credit which is due to the relator. It is necessary therefore to inform them, that Mr. John Bartram, the father of our present author, of the profession called quakers, was botanist to the king of Great Britain, a fellow of the royal society, and a person of very respectable character. His son, Mr. William Bartram, at the request of Dr. Fothergill, of London, in 1773, undertook to search the Floridas, and the western parts of Carolina and Georgia, for the discovery of rare and useful productions of nature, chiefly in the vegetable kingdom. He not only manifests an inviolable regard to truth, for which the quakers have always been remarkable ; but an uncommon degree of piety towards God,
and

and philanthropy towards his fellow creatures; qualities rarely to be found among modern travellers. He acknowledges, that while he was impelled by a restless spirit of curiosity in pursuit of new productions of Nature, his chief happiness consisted in tracing and admiring the infinite power, majesty, and perfection of the great Almighty Creator, and in the contemplation, that through the divine aid, and permission, he might be instrumental in discovering, and introducing into his native country, some original productions of nature, which might become useful to society. Animated with this laudable enthusiasm, Mr. Bartram urges his way through the howling wilds of America; sometimes alone, for days together, and sometimes in company, as opportunity offered. The following extract contains some occurrences which happened to him in his voyage up the river St. John in East Florida.

"Being desirous of continuing my travels and observations higher up the river, and having an invitation from a person who was agent for, and resident at, a large plantation, the property of an english gentleman, about sixty miles higher up, I resolved to pursue my researches to that place; and having engaged in my service a young Indian, he agreed to assist me in working my vessel up as high as a certain bluff where I was to land him, on the west or Indian shore.

"Provisions and all necessaries being provided, and the morning pleasant, we went on board and stood up the river. We passed for several miles on the left, by islands of high swamp land, exceedingly fertile. They consist of a loose black mould, with a mixture of sand, shells, and dissolved vegetables. The opposite Indian coast is a perpendicular bluff, ten or twelve feet high; consisting of a black sandy earth, mixed with a large proportion of shells. Near the river, on this high shore, grew the beautiful evergreen shrub called wild linc or *tallow nut*. This shrub grows six or eight feet

feet high, and produces a large oval fruit, of the shape and size of an ordinary plumb, of a fine yellow colour when ripe; a soft sweet pulp covers a nut which has a thin shell, enclosing a white kernel somewhat of the consistence and taste of the sweet almond, but more oily, and very much like hard tallow which induced my father when he first observed it, to call it the *tallow nut*.

At the upper end of this bluff is a fine orange grove. Here my Indian companion requested me to set him on shore, being already tired of rowing under a fervid sun, and having for some time intimated a dislike to his situation. I readily complied with his desire, knowing the impossibility of compelling an Indian against his own inclinations, or even prevailing upon him by reasonable arguments, when labour is in the question. Before my vessel reached the shore, he sprang out of her and landed, when uttering a shrill and terrible whoop, he bounded off like a roebuck, and I lost sight of him. I at first apprehended, that as he took his gun with him, he intended to hunt for some game and return to me in the evening. The day being excessively hot and sultry, I concluded to take up my quarters here until next morning.

To be continued.

AN ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE SUICIDE.

MARY SHARP was born in 1769, near *Coot-hill* in the county of *Caven* in *Ireland*. Her parents who were Seceders, brought her up in the fear of God. She was an obedient child, and of a very moral character. About the beginning of last February she was observed to sigh and weep much, and refused to take necessary food. Her distress of mind appeared exceedingly great, her stepmother asked the cause of it. at first she refused to assign any reason, but being earnestly

earnestly solicited, she at last said, "That promise of marriage had been interchanged between her and a young man (whom she named :) that when her Father's consent was asked he refused to give her to him : that not daring to disobey her father's command, she had broken off the connection with the young man, upon which he married another, and that she considered herself now guilty of the breach of promise, for which she expected no mercy from God."

Every argument was used to prove the falsity of the conclusion she had drawn, but all in vain : she seemed determined to put an end to her life. She utterly refused to listen to any good advice ; was offended when any one attempted to read the scripture in her presence, and at such times used to talk to herself that she might not profit by what was read : and when the family went to prayer, every morning according to custom she used to fly from them with much hatred.

Sometime in March she attempted to drown herself ; but was prevented. After this she was more closely watched ; but she earnestly requested to be left by herself ; and once solicited her little cousin to bring her his father's razor, for which she promised to reward him ; but this was also discovered. At another time she got upon the canopy of the bed, intending to throw herself down from thence ; but by a timely discovery was prevented, as she also was in an attempt to drink boiling broth.

She now took to her bed. The minister and several others came to pray with and advise her, but all was ineffectual. She could scarcely bear to hear the name of God mentioned, and earnestly begged that it might not be named before her. On the Saturday before she perpetrated the dreadful act she got up and spun some, and talked a little with the family ; but there appeared no amendment in her, respecting her intentions : and on Wednesday the 24th of May 1791,

she fully accomplished her design in the following shocking manner.

While the family were in the kitchen, she got up out of bed, took a case knife and with it cut open her right side, then put in her hand, pulled out her intestines, tore them in pieces, and strewed them over the floor without making any noise.

After this, her father going into the room was astonished to see the room covered over with entrails and blood; and seeing her on the bed as usual, not suspecting what was the matter, he said, "Mary! what is this?" Without the least discomposure she replied, "It is guts, and here are more for you," putting her bloody hand into her side and attempting to pull out more.

The family then gathered about her and held her hands, which she struggled hard to get free, desiring leave to pull out her heart and liver, in which she said there was a swarm of devils. Her mangled entrails were gathered up and put into a dish, which half filled it: and though the blood continued to issue out from her side, yet she frequently said, "I feel no pain, nor should I were you to cut me in pieces."

Her distressed parents and relatives wept and lamented over her, and endeavored to make her sensible of her horrid crime, but all in vain. She was totally unmoved, gloried in her barbarity, and boasting in her valour, said, "Who of you can do as I have done? Open yourselves and take out your inside and speak like me." Withal, desiring them to throw her into a bog-hole and they should see miracles. One standing by her bed side, begged her to pray to God that he might save her soul. She answered, "'Tis all in vain: I have no desire for salvation. My lips may pray, *Mary* may pray for it," and insinuated that her soul could not.

A friend

A friend, who wished by any means to get her to offer up a petition to God, wisely asked her, "What did the publican say?" She replied, he said, "God be merciful to him a sinner." She continued thus for about three hours; when at last the fountain of life dried up, and her wretched spirit departed without any sign of remorse in the twenty second year of her age.

W. HAMILTON.

The Editor was personally acquainted with the relator of this extraordinary account, and knows him to be a man of veracity.—It strongly enforces these two considerations, first, that children should be very cautious how they form tender attachments, without first consulting their parents as to the object of their choice: and secondly, that parents should be careful how they withhold their consent, when affection becomes reciprocal and binds the parties by vows solemnly and mutually interchanged.

OF CENSURE and DETRACTION.

"They that of every slip advantage take,
Find but those faults which they want wit to make."

A WISE man who values himself upon the score of virtue and not of opinion, thinks himself neither better nor worse for the opinion of others.

When one told *Peliscarcus* that a notorious railer spoke well of him; "I'll lay my life (said he) some body hath told him that I am dead, for he can speak well of no man living."

Men often frame both opinions and censures according to the mould of evil in themselves. They are not always most guilty that are most blamed.

The

The first report makes no impression upon me, for falsehood many times marches in the front, and truth follows in the rear.

It is a harder thing to avoid censure, than to gain applause; for this may be done by one great or wise action in an age; but to avoid censure, a man must pass his whole life without saying or doing one foolish action.

I love not to arraign other men's faults, and leave myself out of the indictment. I am not curious to know what my neighbour hath said, done, or attempted; but only what do myself, that it may be just and honest.

Never employ yourself to discern the faults of others; but be careful to attend to and prevent your own.

Never speak ill of any man; if of a good man it is impiety; if of a bad man, give him your prayers.

Never carry a sword in your tongue to wound the reputation of any man.

Patience is a remedy against all slanders, and that old courtier was in the right, who being asked how he kept himself so long in favor, answered, "By receiving injuries and ill language, and crying your humble servant for them."

Whosoever is vexed at a reproach, would be proud if he were commended.

Calumny to a virtuous person is no more than a shower into the sea.

It was a noble instance of prudence and good government in an *English* nobleman, who, when a Doctor of Physic gave him the lie, very temperately told him, he would take any thing from him but physic. This shewed a noble spirit; for a lie, like false and counterfeit money, though a good man may receive it, yet he ought not in justice to pay it.

When

When Cardinal *Wolfey* told the Lord Chancellor he was the veriest fool in the council; "God be thanked said he, that my master hath but one fool here."

The world is a shop of tools, of which the wise man only is the master.

THOMAS's ACCOUNT of the HINDOOS.

[Concluded from page 238.]

IN addition to what may be gathered from the above, of their religion and manners, I shall mention a few things which shew, that the necessity of some atonement for sin, is one of their prevailing ideas. I believe that human sacrifices are very rare, if not entirely unknown among them: although about four years since there was an account of one in the India papers: but there are doubts of the authority from whence it came. Sacrifices are made however of buffaloes, kids, and lambs, which are to be publickly seen at their stated seasons. They have also a custom of using several voluntary tortures which every person, who has resided in the country for a year or two, must be more or less acquainted with. I shall describe two or three of them.

1st. That of swinging. The person who makes this atonement has two iron flesh-hooks passed through the integuments, on each side the back bone; and being suspended by ropes attached to these hooks, he is drawn up about 40 feet in the air, and there twirled round for a considerable time; all of which he bears, without any expression of pain or impatience. Whatever he throws down of fruit, or the like, is caught up with great avidity, and counted sacred. Sometimes the skin has given way, and the person has been dashed to pieces: so now, in all that I have seen, cloth has been passed round the middle, for the hooks to hold by with the skin. The ceremony may be seen in almost every town once a year.

Another

Another torture is after this manner: the man passes threads through each of his sides, in six places; and the threads being thirty yards long, and fixed at each end, he dances backward and forward as in a rope-walk.

A third is running a spit of four feet long all through the tongue, and drawing it backwards and forwards. Besides which, I might mention sitting in one position for years, exposed to fires in hot weather, and cold dews in cold weather. Many other things of a like nature are common among them.

A certain man on the Malabar coast, had enquired of various devotees and priests, how he might make atonement for his sin; and at last he was directed to drive iron spikes sufficiently blunted, through his sandals; and on these spikes he was to place his naked feet, and walk about 480 miles. If through loss of blood or weakness of body, he was obliged to halt, he might wait for healing and strength. He undertook the journey, and while he halted under a large shady tree, where the gospel was sometimes preached, one of the missionaries came and preached in his hearing, from these words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." While he was preaching, the man rose up, threw off his torturing sandals, and cried out, aloud, "This is what I want; and he became a lively witness, that the blood of Jesus Christ does cleanse from all sin indeed."

Historical and Miscellaneous Anecdotes.

CARDINAL DUBOIS had a steward to whose dishonesty he was no stranger. On the first day of the new year, the steward came, according to custom, to

to pay his respects to his master; but the Cardinal, instead of giving him the same present as he gave to the rest of his domestics, said coolly, "As for you, Sir, I make you a present of that which you have robbed from me." The steward made a profound bow, and retired without saying a word.

Charles the Fifth having one day approached very near to a battery of cannon, one of his officers begged him not to expose his person in that manner; upon which the Emperor smiling, said, "Did you ever see a bullet hit an Emperor?"

The Editor of the Moral and Sentimental Magazine feels concerned to hear that the piece, which appeared in the last Number, called *A Curious Method of terminating Quarrels*, should be considered by any as calculated to militate against religion. It never was his intention in this or any other publication, to insert any thing that would have the remotest tendency to weaken the force, or invalidate the evidence of divine revelation. The above piece, was taken from the travels of the celebrated *James Bruce* the indefatigable discoverer of the source of the Nile, an attempt which powerful princes at the head of numerous armies have failed to accomplish.

Those who are acquainted with the writings of this ingenious traveller, must be convinced, that even in the midst of his philosophical researches, he evidences a sacred regard to the scriptures of eternal truth, this consideration alone is sufficient to remove the suspicion that he intended by relating the circumstance of the *Camel* of the Abyssinians, to indulge an ironical sarcasm on the scape goat of the Jews, that remarkable type of Him who in the fulness of time was to bear the sins of the people.

TO THE MEMORY OF ALEON.

ALEON is dead! the fullen trump of fame
 Blew the sad tidings to the western shore,
 The Scythe of time—the wasting hand of pain
 Hath lodg'd him with the myriads gone before.

How late he wept his brother-warriors dead,
 Cut off untimely in life's early day;
 Alas! the kindred spirit too is fled,
 And we to him the same sad tribute pay.

He like themselves “The creature of a day,”
 Beneath the frigid arm of death hath bow'd;
 Yes ALEON lies—the valiant and the gay,
 Deep in the bosom of the stormy flood.

Thus courage, beauty, opulence, and wit,
 All bud and bloom and vanish in a day;
 Life quits its suppliants as the airy sprite
 Before the sounding gale fleets fast away.

Yet to his mem'ry shall a pile be rear'd,
 And each past service meet a kind return;
 Still shall his name by free-men be rever'd,
 And deathless laurels blossom round his Urn.

“But pensive Poetess,” (some one may say)
 “When these memorials of the good shall fade,
 “Will not his worth to time become a prey,
 “And sink into oblivion's darkest shade?”

Ah surely no—the triumph ends not here,
 Beyond the tomb his brightest prospects rise;
 Sublime he soars beyond this vale of tears—
 He gains a life eternal when he dies.

ANNA.